HOME-SICKNESS.

WILLOUGHBY'S GROOM.

'Ves, sir." with a touch of the hand to the

"Yes, sir."
"But they won't go to the top, surely?"
"Yes, sir, they will."

I shall go up the chimney after them."

chat. At night, when from knocked he to cook of the smoking-room, and entered to report his day's work and receive instructions for the morrow, Willoughby would sometimes ask him to

but the door and sit down."

HOME-SICKNESS.

From The Cornhill.

If I should leave my home, and go away
To pass a year and day
Mid other scenes, should I not early find
That I had left behind
A portion of my life's felicity
Which could not follow me?
And if, when the aliotted time had passed,
I turned my steps at last
To enter at the old ramiliar door
Of kindly home once more,
Might I not learn that what my heart had sought,
With back-returning thought,
Was missing still—in home's securest spob
And I could find it not!
Might I not vainly wander to and fro,
Seeking again to know
That fond completeness of felicity
Which could not follow me?
Ah, yes!—and if a longing soul in heaven
Free passport might be given
To come again, and trend earth's weary soil
With feet unused to toi!—
To leave the converse of eternity.
And linger loylingly
O'er carth's poor haunts, the playgrounds of those years
Whose smiles were dimmed with tears,
So would it find that nothing here below
Was what it used to know—
That all the peace which memory had east
Around the chetished past,
All the familiar kindly home delight
Had vanished from it quite:
Soon would it spread its wings with sigh of pain—
Too thankful to retain
The power of entering heaven's open door,
And leaving nevermore.
Let us not weep, then, though we lose the light
That made this earth so bright—
Though all the single sunbeams, one by one,
Be gathered to the sun:
Assured that there, in fullness rich and free,
They will restored be,
And Home, the dearest name that we can knew
On wenry earth below,
shall be a mother wholly reconciled
To each desponding child. Tom looked at his master sympassed did not speak.

"It's not all my fault," he went on. "I had the money in the bank at the beginning of the year; but a relative borrowed £500 to set up in business, and—and—But you understand?"

"You mean you won't see the color of that money again, sir?"

"Exactly so."

"I'm right down sorry to hear it, sir. But is there no way except this card-playing?" Couldn't

"I'm right down sorry to hear it, sir. But is there no way except this card-playing? Couldn't you put off them monkeyees for a year? Couldn't you tell 'em that you were going to work hard, and save, and pull things round? Knock off my wage, sir: I don't want it. And put me on to some harder work; I could do as much again as I do."

Tom rose to his fect somewhat excitedly, pulling his waisteoat down and stiffening his back, as though to show off his physical capacity for additional toils.

to-morrow?"

Tom looked at his master sympathetically, but

But I win sometimes."

additional toils. Rubbish, Tom! Sit down. Kindly meant, but

rubbish. I shall play to-morrow night; if I lose, I shall stop before much damage is done; if I win I shall follow my luck. There, my friend, let that quiten your fears. Good night."

"Good night, sir. But promise me one thing; if you are lucky, you'll never play for money again."

It was a chill September morning, not very light

"Then may you be lucky, sir, for this once. Good night, sir," And Tom disappeared. "The beginning of the reform," thought Willoughby. "I wonder if he'll make me sign the

It was a chill September morning, not very light yet, and a thin haze clung about the face of all things. Mr. Simpson Willoughby had just finished stabling his horse after returning from a card party. The ride had not been long enough to act as a tonic, and he was still heavy with whiskey and want of sleep, as he went stumbling along through the stackyard.

Suddenly, with all the speed of a military projectile, a black figure shot down the slope of a small stack, and fetched up sharp just at his feet. The face, the clothes, the hands of this apparition were all black, and its smile, meant to be pleasant, showed like a ghastly grin through the mist.

"Oh, the Devil!" cried Simpson Willoughuby,

"Oh, the Devil!" cried Simpson Willoughuby,

meetings.

In a few minutes they drove away. Arrived at the Bent Garth, Tom got down with his basket of corn, and Willoughby sat waiting in the trap Hi, mister, hi!" shouted the putative Devil.

of corn, and Willoughby sat waiting in the trap on the high road.

The Bent Garth was, as its name implied, a bent field, shaped like the letter L. The horse was not to be seen; it was no doubt round the bend. Thither Tom marched through the grass; he had hardly got round the corner and out of his master's sight when he came on two men lying on the ground—two men, one a big hulking fellow with a dark unshaven face, the other a nondescript of middle height and no particular color. Tom recognized them both—old acquaintances of his vagrant days, and a brace of thoroughgoing raseals. "Hi, mister, hi!" shouted the putative Devil. The sound of a human, unmistakably human, voice restored Willoughby to himself.

"What are you doing here!" he thundered, as he strode to the black shape. "Who are you? Why do you stand grinning there? Don't you know I could have you up before the magistrates for this?"

"Not much good, sir. Nothing to get out of me, sir. I'm only a poor sweep as took the liberty of sleeping in your straw."

"Sweep be damned! Clear off the premises at once."

Then Mr. Willoughby strode off again. But he had a tender heart, and something in the man's face and attitude had touched it. "Hi, you sweep!" he suddenly shouted, turning

nnees of his vagrant days, and a brace of thoroughgoing rascals.

"Hullo!" cried Tom.

"Eless me," said the big fellow, "if it ain't old Sweepy, and looking quite respectable too! Got a good job on, old pal?"

"Yes; I've turned groom."

"Lor' now, to think of that! Old Sweepy turned groom! And looks quite reformed, don't he? Well, it is pleasant meeting old friends when they're getting up in the world. And where are you hanging out now?"

"At that big house this side of the village." cap.

"Where are you going to get your breakfast?"

"Don't know. sir."

"And probably don't know if you will get a brakfast at all?"

"No, sir."

"At that his house this side of the village."

"Mr. Willoughby's! I know him; fond of his glass, and don't mind tipping a poor feller a shilling when he's on a bit. He's a gentleman, he is! What are you going to do now with that basket? "No, sir."
"Come with me."
Mr. Willoughby led the way to the kitchendoor: his house-keeper was up and moving about.
"Here, Mrs. Clack, I've brought you a sweep; you said yesterday the chimneys wanted sweeping. Give him a good breakfast-beef and beer-then set him to work."
"Thank you store a said the sweep, then to Mrs." Fetch up that horse for Mr. Willoughby to

"Thank ye, sir," said the sweep; then, to Mrs. Clack, with a very humble intonation: "Fine morning, missis." "Ta-ta, then, for the present. We shall be at the village inn to-night. Perhaps you'll drop in and stand us a glass for old times, Sweepy, won't

yer?"
"No, I can't. I'm just off with Mr. Willoughby, and shan't be home till late."
"Going out for the hevening, I suppose? Got yer dress-suit in the conweyance, and too proud

Clack, with a very numble into account morning, missis."

Mr. Willoughby went to his bedroom, kicked off his boots, and drawing a rug over his limbs, lay down on the bed and slept. He was a tall, broad man, with a dark face still retaining some traces of early good looks. His youth he had spent in London, none exactly knew how; some said as an artist, others said as a novelist; all agreed he had consumed his substance in riotous living. When to look at old mates?"
"Shut up your foolery. We are going to Mr.
Ferguson's: I'm only driving."
"Mr. Ferguson's? I've neard tell of him. A

great card-playing gent. You'll have the cards out to-night, I reckon."

"Likely enough."

"And what time will you be coming 'ome, if I may not the cards of the

artist, others said as a novelist; all agreed he had consumed his substance in riotous living. When his father died, and he came to settle at Holt Hill, he came with a bad reputation. As he was forty, and did not marry, the bad reputation rapidly grew worse. He had some faults, it is true; he played cards freely, drank heavily, and then he had a mysterious past. The clergy and all respectable married people held aloof from him; the young ladies admired him and trembled; the young men said he was much maligned.

When he woke, the sun was high in the heavens. He rose at once, had a cold tub and then a good. may ask the question?"

A cold shiver ran down Tom's back as he discerned the blackguard's thought.

"Not till daylight, I should think. Good-by."

"Good-by!" cried the two rascals, imitating Tom's voice, and then rolling on the grass with lond cuttaws.

loud guffaws.

"Did I hear voices?" said Mr. Willoughby, when Tom had brought Lightning up to the

When he wore, the sun was high in the heavens. He rose at once, had a cold tub and then a good breakfast. "Now for the sweep," said he. He found him at work in the diffing-room.

"Well, Mr. Sweep, how are you getting on?"

"Tom Sampier's my name, sir. Getting on very nicely, thank ye, sir."

"Are those all the tools you have?"—pointing a contemptuous foot at a brush and a few rods lying about. gate.

"Yes, sir: a couple of tramps chaffing me a bit."

They drove on to Mr. Ferguson's; here master and man separated, one going to the dining-room, the other to the saddle-room. There were other grooms there beside Ton, and they made merry together, support was provided for them, in the kitchen, and unlimited beer. Tom was in great request, his stories, his songs, and his straight-forward ways had long rendered him a favorite. Retiring once more to the saddle-room, the men talked and smoked. Then one by one they suc-cumbed to sleep. At last Tom was left the only "How?"

"I shall go up the chimney after them."

"But you might stick."

"No fear, sir, in a good, old-fashioned chimney like this. Besides, if I did, what matter, sir? It's all in a day's work."

Mr. Willoughby turned away. The soft spot in his heart was touched again.

He went out and strolled around the place, in the garden, the fold-yard; the stables. Then it occurred to him that he wanted a groom, a groom who would not object to do a little work in the garden, to sit up for him at nights, to act occasionally as a valet, and in other capacities. He returned to the sweep, and found him in one of the bedrooms hard at work, and singing softly to himself.

"Here, Mr. Sweep."

"Tom Sampler, sir."

"Well, then, Tom Sampler! Would you like to settle down?"

"How, sir?"

"Take a situation, I mean."

"As what?"

"As my groom and man-of-all-werk. Po you know anything about horses?" talked and smoked. Then one by one they suceumbed to sleep. At last Tom was left the only
one awake; he was thinking of his master. What
did this long stay mean? Was he winning, of
had he yielded to the seduction of the game and
lingered on though losing? In the middle of his
speculations he fell into a doze.

"Hullo, Sampler, Mr. Willoughby wants his
trap. It's two o'clock; they're all going."

Tom got his horse in and drove round to the
front. There was his master talking excitedly
among the other guests; they helped him up into
the dog-cart, and then with many good-nights
sped him on his way.

When they had got out of the avenue and on
the high road, Willoughby turned to Tom.

"I've done it," he said; "I've won the money,
£540; here it is in my pocket, most of it in notes.
No more cards, Tom, I swear."

He reached out his hand to Tom, and their
fingers closed in a grip that meant more than many
words. The moonlight, escaping from a cloud, fell
ruil on Tom's face; it was radiant with happiness.

"Lord, how he must love me!" thought Willoughby.

"Do you carry a pistal, master?" said Tom.

"As my groom and man-of-all-worlt. Do you know anything about horses?"
"Yes, sir; I was bred for a jockey."
"Good."

longfiby.

Do you carry a pistol, master?" said Tom.

No. Why?" "No. Why?"
"I don't think it's safe without one, when you

"Good."
"But I had to give it up, sir. Couldn't train down quickly enough. A very bad job for me, sir."
"Very: but stick to the point. Do you feel "Very; but stick to the point. Do you feel inclined to settle down here in my service?"

"If you'll have me, sir."

"I suppose you can't bring any testimonials to character?"

"Afraid not, sir. Don't know any respectable people. I'm only a travelling sweep, here today, gone to-morrow. Take me a month on trial, sir."

"I don't think it's safe without one, when you have all that money, sir."

"Bosh!" and he breathed in great draughts of the fresh night air.

They were now nearing a gate. Tom gave up the reins to his master, and got down to open it; he was no sooner on the ground than he saw two figures behind the hedge. He knew them at once—the men he had met in the Bent Garth. With a swift rush he made for the gate and flung it open. "Come on, sir! Quick!" he cried.

And then us the cart came up to him he gave

"Very good; a month's trial. Consider yourself engaged, fifteen shillings a week, with keep.
Will that do?"

"Yes, sir, thank ye."

"And now go on with the chimneys, only no
more climbing, mind you. I'll go and arrange with
Mrs. Clack."

And so Tom Sampler settled down. He had
been a jockey, and then a vagrant sweep; his antecedents were not reassuring; but clean clothes,
tegular diet, and results. Come on, sir: Quick:" he eried.

And then as the cart came up to him he gave a loud yell, and struck the terrified mare on her haunches. She bounded forward, swerved, and then bolted down the road.

"Drive for your life, sir," shouted Tom, "drive like hell."

The big ruffian, of whom Willoughby just caught glimpse, darted forward and made a grab at the botboard of the dogeart. He held it a second, and footboard of the dogeart. He held it a second, and was then whirled away on to the grass by the roadside. He rose unhurt, and, after picking up something that had dropped from his hand, joined his fellow-rullian. They then advanced toward Ton, who stood leaning quietly against the gate. The big ruffian was trembling with rage; he came close up to Tom.

"Dann you," he roared, "for a blasted sneak, a hound, a cur. Take that, and that."

Tom gave one groan and fell to the ground. The big ruffian bent down to rifle his pockets.

"There ain't no time for that," said his nondescript companion; "you've done for him, and the been a jockey, and then a vegrant sweep; his antecedents were not reassuring; but clean clothes,
regular diet, and regular employment reformed
him, and perhaps the feeling that he was trusted
helped him more than anything. Willoughby
took a strong fancy to him, and let him into
his confidence in a small way. Tom adored his
master. When Willoughby went out shooting
Tom carried the game; when he went out to cardparties, Tom drove him there and back; when
Tom was running the machine over the grass,
Willoughby would sit near on a garden-seat and
chat. At night, when Tom knocked at the door
of the smoking-room, and entered to report his

script companion; "you've done for him, and the other fellow will be back soon. Let's be off while And so they scrambled through the hedge and

row, Willoughby would sometimes ask him to sit down. If the weather was cold, he would pour him out a glass of whiskey, but he could never persuade him to take a second. went away over the fields.

Willoughby had a stiff tussle with the mare. Luckily the road was straight, and there was no danger of a spill in rounding a corner. His weak ankle, however, was much against him; but by dint of hard sawing at the mare's mouth, he broke her into a trot at length. Then he turned her round. "Come, Tom, you might as well have another—it's a sharp night."
"No, thank ye, sir."
"Why not? You must have drunk heavily in your time—ch?" your time—eh?"

"I have, sir; but never again."

"How's that?"

"Bad example, sir, to others."

It this way the worthy fellow strove to lead his master in the right direction, not without some result.

her round,
"Now go like the deuce," he cried.

"Now go like the deuce," he cried.

He was soon at the gate again. He perceived a body lying in the road. Scrambling out of the cart, and coming up to the body, he saw by the light of the moon that it was Tom's.

"Tom's he cried; but there was no answer. He passed his hand over his breast and felt the wet blood; he knelt on the road, and raised Tom's head against his knees. The movement aroused the dying man; he opened his eyes, they looked awful in the moonlight. He was struggling to speak. result.

"You have been here a year now, Tom," said Willoughby one day. "Haven't you found out a pretty girl to marry vet?"

"No, sir. I don't intend marrying at present."

"Rot at freeent—ch? When then?"

"When you do, sir."

Willoughby laughed aloud; but from that day he understood Tom perfectly.

"He wishes to reform me," he would sometimes say to himself; "and perhaps he may. Who knows?"

"I shall want the brown mare an temperature.

"Yes."
"Then the farm is safe-remember the promise knows?" and perhaps he may. Who
"I shall want the brown mare up to-morrow,"
said Willoughby to Tom one night in the smokingroom: "I'm going to Mr. Ferguson's. We'll have
the deg-cart, and you shall drive me, as my
ankle is still weak." He had sprained it about
a month before.
"None of them carding-parties, I hope, sir,"
said Tom.
"Shut the decrease."

notes?

"Then the farm is safe—remember the promise—master."

His voice seemed to linger lovingly on the word "master." In a little while came a great sigh—the sigh of the parting spirit.

Willoughby bent down and reverently pressed a kiss on the dead man's forchead; then, raising his eyes to heaven, he saw in the east, far away in the direction of his home, the light of the breaking dawn—of the new day.—(Appleton Laith in Temple Bar.

CHARMS OF KEUKA.

"Look here, Tom, you forget yourself. What is it to you whether I play cards or not?"

"I'm sorry to offend, sir. You've been very kind to me, but I can't help speaking out, and I don't like to see you wasting your money. You know, sir, you have told me as how you lose sometimes." "GLENNING" AND "TWO-ING" IN THE WIL-

Hammondsport, N. Y., July 13.-Here, in the westera part of New-York State, is a picturesque lake, twenty-two miles long and shaped like a badly formed "But I win sometimes."

Tom looked at the floor and said nothing. There was a long pause. Willoughby puffed hard at his pipe; suddenly he broke out with:

"Don you know what mortgages are, Tom?"

"Yes, sir; we call 'en monkeys."

"Well, Tom, there are a good many monkeys on my farm, and the owners of the monkeys—that is, the mortgagees—will want their interest in a month's time. If they don't get it they will sell me up. I have not the money. Now, do you understand why I am going to play cards to-morrow?" Y. At the base of this Y is this quaint little village is a man of Hammondsport, and at the end of the eastern arm to discuss the control of of the Y is the progressive town of Penn Yan. The Indians called the lake Kenka, and those who came after them translated Keuka into Crooked Lake, the name by which one finds this sheet of water on the map. In Yates and Steuben Countles the old Indian name prevails.

Keuka derives a great deal of its beauty from the vineyards along its banks. The lake is surrounded by hills which rise straight and steep from the shore. Stretching half way up the hills are the vineyards, stiff and regular, varying only in hue, some kinds of grape having dark and others light green leaves. For some reason or other, the upper part of the hills does not seem suited to grape raising, and the highlands, in consequence, have been turned into farms, fertile and pleasant to view. Between the vineyards are deep guliles running down the hills to the lake and forming drains to carry off the rain. As most of the vine-yards are very old, these guilles are full of bushes and tall trees, their wild beauty contrasting strangely with the prim rows of vines they protect,

The grapes are sold to the manufacturers of American wines. One company has a cellar on the shore word cellar brings to the mind a gloomy underground apartment, but at Lake Kenka it refers to all the buildings connected with the manufacture of wine. Another large cellar is equally picturesque, but is a considerable distance from the lake.

The men who work underground, in the actual cellars, shake every bottle of wine two or three times a day. They wear caps similar to those worn by miners, with candles stuck in them. As the bottles frequently explode, the men protect their faces with masks of wire gauze. This bursting of bottles en-"The beginning of the retorm, the longiby. "I wonder if he'll make me sign the pledge next."

It was late in the afternoon when Tom drove the dog-cart up to the front door.

"Put a little corn in," shouted Willoughby from his bedroom window, "and a basket. I shall want you to fetch Lightning up for me in the Bent Garth."

Lightning was a horse with a good deal of blood in him, very dear to Willoughby, and often entered for steeplechases at the minor race-meetings.

At Hammondsport there years ago it was almost a talls a serious loss upon the manufacturers. The wine flows out over the stone flowrs and it gives one a delicious feeling of luxury to wade through a lake of champagne, often over an inch deep. The wine is sweetened with rock candy. Softie companies buy the refuse grapes from the large cellars and make them into something they call wine. Perhaps this accounts for the fact that American wine is not as

At Hammondsport there is a most delightful glen. Years ago it was almost as popular as the one at Watkins, but unfortunately the tide of travel swept away from it and now it is lonely and deserted most of the time. The ladders and bridges that once placed its benutles within the reach of all, have rotted and crumbled away, and it is now well nigh innecessible. I know this because I once tried to explore the gien beyond the point of civilization and wooden steps. Rock after rock I climbed, soaked my shoes in a brook, and at last came to a halt before a thin but very wet waterfall. To climb any further was out of the question, and to return the way I had come was impossible, unless I chose to sit on the slippery rocks and silde. The alternative was to walk through the waterfall to the other side, which was somewhat easier to descend. I came through the full safely, with no harm done save the drenching of my clothes and a general feeling of dampness which made it necessary for me to hurry over to Hammonds port's chief attraction, Orchestrion Hall, This is a large building overlooking the lake and furnished with the commonest kind of chairs and tables, a pretty fair bar and an orchestrion, advertised as being the second largest in the State. You buy one beer and you get one tune. You choose any piece you like from an extensive programme. With the beer, a fine Swiss cheese sandwich and the orchestrion in full swing, one can almost imagine one's self in Germany.

But by far the most attractive spot on the lake is Grove Springs, a few miles above Hammondsport. Two years ago, before Toodles and I were one, we spent the summer there. It is a great place for engaged couples or for couples who are not engaged. The la numberless small gless around, and "glenning" in a favorite pastime with the young people of the one glen back of the Grove Springs House that we returned to our party after spending built the day "glenning," to be met with knowing winks and grins.

time there, didn't you? We saw you. Look at them blush! We were all sitting on a rock, just above you and Toodles. We waited, we watched and we saw !"

Stung by their gibes, Toodles blurted out: "Well, you didn't see much! I was only holding her

At which there was a fresh burst of laughter draw you out. Only holding hands; Oh, my !"

sistance in climbing it. The tree is scarred with initials, rudely carven hearts, and dates. During initials, rudely curven hearts, and dates. During out with stentorian force such airs as "Annie," the the summer there is such a rush for the willow that enterprising young men frequently hire small boys.

The camera obscura is in Ocean Grove. It really to st in the tree and keep the seat for them during

meal hours.

Another romantic spot three miles below Grove Springs consists of a grove just back of a marrow strip of beach. It is most easily reached by water and if one boat is moored on the shore, no other boat approaches. This is an unwritten but also ar

unbroken law.

The cottnges along the lake can be rented for one or two weeks or longer. Parties of young people frequently take a house for a week, do their own work and live in a delightfully Robenian fashion.

The names chosen by houseowners are not always desirable. One piace is called littersweet, another transient fakirs, who stay a week, an hour, or perbears the somewhat suspicious name Sub Rosa, Even the hotels have queer names. One is called Ogo Ya Go. To pronounce it correctly lust fancy you are chewing gum. It would be an attractive spot in spite of its name were it not that it has been turned into a sort of picnic ground. There is a flavor of stale sandwiches, an odor of weak lemon-

nde, about it. Near Penn Yan is another hotel, the most remarkable specimen of architecture it has ever been my inte to see. It is modestly and fitty named. The Ark. It is a long narrow structure, quite possibly the identical craft in which Mr. Nouh travelled. The sleeping rooms are on either side of a long hall which runs through the middle of the building. The house itself s really shaped like an ark, and as it is built over the water the idea is well carried out.

The most pretentious hotel on the lake is the Grove

Spring House, a rambling three story building, with There are two annexes, wide verandas about it. one a bath house with rooms for men overhead, the other a dancing pavilion with a suit of sleeping rooms above. In this pavilion a hop is given every Saturday night. Two years ago when Toodles and I were there, the music was furnished by "Balley's Full Orchestra."

After I saw the orchestra, which consisted of Balley hanself, with his fiddle, and a young woman who payed the planner," I went to the man who kept the hotel and asked him why he called it "Balley's Full Orchestra" in his circulars.

"Go in to the hop and you'll find out," said he.

So I went, saw and was satisfied. After every dance, Bailey stepped off the platform at the end of the room, went to the window, and hauled in a long black bottle from the outer darkness. He took a long, long pull, and a strong, strong pull, replaced the bottle, returned to the parform, and played better than ever.

It was a full orenestra.

It was a full orenestra.

Eadley says he can pay dance music faster than addley says he can pay dance music faster than the full orenestra, though he is a fisherman when he isn't an orchestra. He not only plays, but he directs the dancers; shouting orders from als elevated position: "Swing your honey, lemonade all around, laster up the right, inseed down the left, right foots forward, and left foots in step."

down the left, right foots forward, and left loots in step."

I thought I knew how to dance until limitey taught me better. It was at my first hop at the Grave springs, we were all dancing the Florench's Quadrille. I had never seen or heard of it before, but Jack Morey was piloting us through its limitacies, and we thought we were doing well. Fut, no. Suddenly, in the midst of a wild measure, without censing to play, Italiey cried: "That gai in the pink dress, lift up your feet and dance. Keep it up: Don't go to sleep. Out with your foots, swing round the eight, hurry down the middle, and don't be late."

When the hole: creats are tired, the "halv' come to

and dance. Revenue and dance and dance are with your foots, swing round the eight, harry down the middle, and don't be late."

When the hotel guests are tired, the "help" come in and Batley plays for them. We used to watch them, and they went through the contra-dances a thousand times better than we could. Toward the end of the evening, Balley would play faster and faster, better and better, more and fore furiously, till, by the time the last dance came, no one tried to keep in time. Every-body romped through the reel, the men with flushed faces, the girls panting for breath, their hair failing about their shoulders in wi'd confusion. Faster, faster. The blick hottle has due the work. I allied dances him self, playing all the while. He shricks as he plays. The whole room seems whiring around. Suddenly exhaustion conquers, the fiddle drops from his nerve-

less hand, the dancers limp back to the hotel, lights are out, and the hop is over.

The Keuka Fishing Club, near Grove Springs, attracts a number of man to the lake. Most of the members are Rochester men. The emblouse is finished in heard wood, and is the scene of many a merry "Websh rabbit" supper. As for ishing, some men say it is very good, and others have a different opinion. I think it depends on the lack you have. Keuka is the lake where years ago a hoy was cut ishing, when a tront jumped up and bit off half his nose. That hoy is a man now, and he still lives in the vicinity, though if he hears the story as often as I have, he must long it he hears the story as often as I have, he must long if he hears the story as often as I have, he must long if he nears the story as often as I have, he must long if he rowing on Keulm Lake is one of the main sources of amusement there. But, after all, rowing, salfing and fishing sink loto utter Insignificance heade the distinctive sports of the place. At some places, tenuls reigns; at others, salling is "all the go"; but at Keuka, "gienning and "twoing" in the willow reign supreme.

Journal of a man who knows where ho is going and how to get there:

"We want to get to No. 261 Broadway, so stop there:"

Having relieved himself of all responsibility, he having relieved himself of all

JOYS OF SEASIDE LIFE.

AMUSEMENTS, STATIONARY AND PERIPA-TETIC.

Asbury Park, N. J., July 16.—This town is not over-run with seaside "fakirs," yet there are many fearful and wonderful types in the collection of them here. The man with the green pea under all or none of three wainut shells is not present, nor is any of his class. There is no fierce cry of "Five, five, the lucky five!" nor the coaxing call of "Come, now, gentlemen, make your bets. The red or the black wins." These men cannot pass the gigantic barriers erected by a covernment, which recognizes the fact that these things

However, the men who merely have things to sell can come and flourish. There are scores of them, and they do a big business. The summer guests come here with money. They are legitimate prey. The fakirs Those who are the most persistently aggressive are

Hindoos, who sell Indian goods, from silk handkerchiefs to embroidered petticoats. They are an bright eyes. They wear the most amazing trousers and small black surtouts, or coats of some kind. parently they are, as a race, universally bow-legged, and are all possessed of ancestors who were given to waddling. The Hindoos have soft, wheedling voices, and when they invade a crowded hotel-porch and un very apt to cause a disturbance in the pocketbooks and threes. They all use large umbrellas of the rural to protect their chocolate pattern rays of the sun. A camera fiend was the first to discover an astonishing perceived three of them reclining in picturesque attitudes on a shady bank. Their bundles and um brellas reposed beside them and they were familia with an engaging smile and a camera levelled at their hends. Astonishment and terror swept over their faces. With one accord they gave a great shout and, against the little glass eye of the camera. The fiend she was aware of the bewildering revolution in the appearance of the objects of her ambition. few trees. In the foreground appear the tops of three large umbrellas. Underneath dangle three pairs of legs with also three pairs of feet. The picture is a great success and is the admiration of all beholders.

is too ordinary to need more than mere mention. parades the avenues swinging his furnace and howling.

quarter of a dollar and a pack of playing cards. He comes around to the hotels and mystifles the indolent Nobody cares much to ask: "How does he do it," so the mustache takes a valu curve and the

the country on wheels. It is quite the thing to have one's features libelled in this manner. The occupants of the blue houses make handsome incomes. Bables and pug does furnish most of the victims for these

to timble bumble the soil and gain possession of nickels. There is a "razzle-dazzle," invented apparently by a man of experience and knowledge of the world. It is a sort of circular swing. One gets in at some expense and by climbing up a ladder. Then the machine goes around and around, with a sway and swirl. like the motion of a ship. Many people are supposed to enjoy this thing, for a reason which is not evident. Solemn circles of more or less sensible look

is the name of a gigantic upright wheel of wood and "We weren't there at all. We just said that to steel, which goes around carrying little cars filled with traw you out. Only holding hands; Oh, my!" maniacs, up and down, over and over. Of course Toodles and I hated the gien from that day, there are merry-go-rounds loaded with impossible tree has wide spreading branches, in which a sent in the base built. This seat is reached by a ladder so placed that a girl is really obliged to have as police made their owners. police made their owners tone them down a great deal, so that now they play low music instead of grinding

has some value as a scientific curiosity. People enter a small wooden building and stand in a darkened room, a small wooden binding and small round table, on which appear reflections made through a lens in the top of the tower of all that is happening in the vicinity at the time. One gets a miniature of everything that occurs in the streets, on the boardwalk or on the hotel porches. One can watch the bathers gambolling in the surf or peer at the deck of a passing ship. A

chance go at once away. This week an aggregation of five Italian mandolin and guitar players came to town. They are really very clever with their instruments, and have already made themselves popular with the hotel guests. One "Jesse Williams" is a favorite with everybody, too. He is very diminutive and very black.

VENGEANCE FOR THE WRONGS OF A RITTEN Y., July 12.-Two or three men known individually as positively the oldest inhabit ants of the county can tell stories of the time when the panthers used to haunt these woods and make desperate hunting. A story of a disturbance be tween a bear and a panther is their favorite, and as ach oldest inhabitant insists upon telling it whenever a listener heaves in sight, it may be said to be well authenticated.

Two young men in passing near a ledge while out upon a deer hunt discovered the entrance to a cave Before it on the ground were the bones of a deer and other animals. Tracks made by a panther were plentiful. They concealed themselves a short distance away behind a fallen log and waited for the animal to either approach the cave or emerge from

Soon they heard a great grunting and puffing, ac companied by squeaks and squeaks, down in the cave. The agitated hunters made ready and drew beads on the mouth of the cave. A big bear clam bered slowly out and sat down on the ground before the cave. One hunter was about to shoot from his ambush, when the other man restrained him for he had observed that the bear had a little panther kitten in his mouth. The hunters then remained quietly in concealment and watched the proceedings.

The bear with a crunch of his jaws squeezed the Ettle panther to death and then threw it out upon the ground. Perched upon his quarters, solemn and dignified, he watched the last writhings of the little panther with all the gravity of demeanor and close attention of a scientific investigator. When the little animal ceased struggling, he tapped it softly with his paw and seemed to be endeavoring to get it to wriggle some more. But as the kitten lay motionless and stif, he turned about and waddled rather painfully through the aperture into the cave. There was a renewal of the grantings and puffings, squealings and squeakings wi hin the cave, and after short time the bear reappeared with another kitten in his mouth. The bear after remaining an interested spectator of the second little panther's last agonies, disappeared again within the cave and brought the third small victim. This one, however, seizing a moment when the pressure of the hear's jaws lessened, gave voice to a terrified little scream. It was immediately answered by the blood-curdling roar of the female panther some distance away.

The hear at once dropped the kitten as if in great dis-

may, and shambled awkwardly about in the most in-tense excitement and trepidation. The little panther lay on the ground and squenled. It was answered by the roars of its mother as she hurried to the rescue. The bear, now evidently considering that in his eagerness for scientific investigation he had put himself in a in an opposite direction to the one from which the cries of the "she-painter" proceeded. A moment later a huge panther, with biazing yellow eyes and foam dripping jaws, bounded into the open space, with every hair bristling on her tawny back, and her lithe limbs quivering and trembling with eagerness. The bear cast ne look over his shoulder and made off faster than ever. The panther began an enraest pursuit, and gained

The bear, seeing that the panther was overtaking him, hastily ascended a tree. The panther sprang into the lower branches, and in a second had ripped that animal, in his terror, climbed the tree with the celerity of a schoolhoy. He crawled out on a branch, but the panther followed. The bear was now in ex-trendites. There was but one remedy. So he wound but the panther followed. The bear was now in ex-trematies. There was but one remedy. So he wound himself up in a brown ball and dropped to the ground. He struck with a sort of smash, unwound himself, and no stuck with a sort of smash, inwound himself, and started on a fraulte "lope" for safety. But, with two or three bounds the panther was down the tree and near to him. She sprang upon the bear, butled her teeth in his threat, and with her powerful claws tore out his entrails. The hunters then shot the panther. They found that the greater part of the bear's hide was literally torn to ribbons.

YVETTE GUILBERT.

A PARIS MUSIC HALL ARTIST. Mr. Arthur Symonds in The St. James's Gazette,

She is tall, thin, a little angular, most winningly and girlishly awaward, as she wanders on to the stage with an air of vague distraction. Her shoulders droop, her arms hung limply. She doubles forward in an antomatic bow, in response to the thunders of apand rises and dances in her bright light-bine wide open in a sort of child-like astonishment, air, a bright auburn, rises in soft masses about hair, a ought authurn, rises in soft masses above a hirze pure forchead. She wears a trailing dress, striped yellow and pink, without ornamentation. Her arms are covered with long black gloves. The ap-planse stops suddenly; there is a hush of suspense; she is beginning to shuk.

And with the first note you realize the difference

And with the first note you realize the uncrease. And with the first note you realize the uncrease letween Yvotte Guilbert and all the rest of the world. A recently published sonner by Mr. Andre Raffalovich states just that difference so subtly that I must quote it to help out my interpretation:

states just that difference so shouly that I must quot
t to belp ont my interpretation:

If you want hearty laughter, country mirth—
Or frantic gestures of an acrobat.

Heels over head—or floating ince skirts worth
I know not what, a large eccentric hat
And diamonds, the gift of some dull boy—
Then when you see her do not wrong Yvette,
Because Yvette is not a clever toy.
A tawdry doll in fairy limelight set...
And should her song sound cynical and base
At first, herself ungainly or her simile
Monotonom—wait, listen, watch her face:
The sufferings of those the world calls vile
She sings, and as you watch Yvette Guilbert,
You, too, will shiver, seeing their despair.
Now to me Yvette Guilbert was exquisite from th

Now to me Yvette Guilbert was exquisite from the st moment. "Exquisite!" I said under my breath, I first saw her come upon the stage. But it is no her personal charm that she thrills you, and I admi

amuses theif. There is, horeever, a steady stream of transient failing, who stay a week an hour, or perchance go at once away. The week an aggression of five Italian mandolin and guitar plavoes came to town. They are rolly very clever with their instruments, and have already made themselves popular with the hotel guests. One—lease Williams is a favorite with the florid guests. One—lease Williams is a favorite with the florid guests. One—lease williams is a favorite with the florid guests. One—lease Williams is a favorite with the florid guests. One—lease Williams is a favorite with the florid guests. One—lease Williams is a favorite with the florid guests. One—lease Williams is a favorite with the florid guests. One—lease with the florid guests of the florid guests of the florid guests of the florid guests. One florid guests of the flori

THE JEWS IN FRANCE.

A WARFARE AGAINST THE REPUBLIC.

Paris, June 28

The Jewish question is, without doubt, the question of the day in France. The contest between Church and State, the demands of the laboring classes, revenge upon Germany, all give place to it, or are absorbed in it; for the leaders of the anti-Jewish agitation shrewdly contrive to fix upon the Chosen People responsibility for every evil, real or fancied, that afflicts society. Already, long ago, it was demonstrated by these gentlemen that Germany won in 1870-'71 by the nid of the Jews. The troubles between labor and capital are ascribed to the same source. And as for the friction between the Republic and Rome, aothing could be clearer than that it is fomented by Jews, for the sake of injuring the hated Christian religion. So the Jew-hunt is begun. It is curious that it should be so, that this mere handful of denationalized Hebrews should so dis turb a nation so great as France. For the Jews of France are a mere handful;

though it is inapt to speak of them as a remnant of a nation. Politically speaking, of course, the Jews of to-day are not a nation at all. But then they are just as certainly not a remnant. They are much more numerous and wealthy to-day than ever before in the history of the world. In the days of the greatest prosperity and power of the Jewish kingdom, under David and Solomon, the Chosen People probably did not number, all told, more than 5,000,000. Now they number considerably more than twice as many. In Asia, their original home, there are not more than half a million, settled in Syria, Persia, Arabia, India and China. Perhaps half a million more are to be found in Africa, chiefly in Mor cco, the descendants of those Jews who, in the glorious year of Columbus's discovery of America, were ruthlessly expelled from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella. A considerable contingent is to be found in both North and South America But the chief modern home of the Children of israel is in Europe, and the Jews have become distinetively a European people. Even these who live in Syria, and in Palestine itself, are Europeans transplanted to Asian soil.

The principal seat of the Jewish people is in Eastern and Central Europe. There they settled in the days of the Crusades. Ages before, the rising tide of Mahometanism had driven them out of Asia, to the western countries of Europe. Then persecutions came upon them there, and they were driven back again toward the East. It was a noble thing for the Crusader to fight the infidel Turk. It was esteemed a far nobler thing to harry and oppress and rob and slay the Jew. Between the two millstones the Jews were ground. And on the border line between the two Powers they settled. That place of settlement was Poland. At one time that Kingdom contained ninetenths of all the Jews in the world. Of the remaining tenth, the greater part found a bome in Rumania.

With the dismemberment of Poland, the Jews were divided between the partitioning Powers. Russia got most of them. There were a year or two ago in the Czar's domain, and chiefly in the Polish provinces, fully 5,000,000 Jews. The persecutions and the exodus have materially reduced the number, but there are still far more Jews in Russia than in any other country in the world. Austria, chiefly in her Polish provinces, has now nearly 2,000,000, and Germany 750,000. Rumania has fully 400,000, and Turkey in Europe 125,000. Holland, England and France have each some 80,000; Italy 50,000; Bulgaria 20,000; Switzerland 10,000; Denmark, Belgium and Servia 5,000 each, and Sweden 3,000. In Norway there are only a few hundred, and in Spain and Portugal none, save the 1,500 who find shelter at Gibraltar under the British flag.

The curious fact thus appears that in Europe the Jews most multiply in numbers in the house of bondage. Can it be that, for some mysterious reason, liberty does not agree with them? For instance, they are most numerous in Russia, where the ordinary rights even of the brute creation are not accorded to them. They abound in Rumania, where they have been much oppressed. In England and France, on the contrary, where freedom and equality are granted to them, they are com-

paratively few. And then, here is another curious circumstan that where they are fewest they are most influential. In Russia, among 5,000,000 Jews, there is scargely one of commanding importance; while in England, with only 80,000, there has been a Disraeli, and ranks of public life. As for France, with only 80,000 it is almost easier to enumerate all the leading men who are not Jews than those who are, Truly they are a peculiar people. As the illustrious Jew, Heine, said : "The world does not understand them. Their doings and starvings, their ways, their intentions and purposes, are all a sealed book. The Jew is to-day, as he was in the

Middle Ages, a walking mystery." Bitter as was the persecution of the Jews in termany a few years ago under the instigation of the notorious Stoecker, and brutal as it now is in Russin, it is in France that the movement displays the most marked and interesting characteristics. A little while ago M. Drumont published his book, La France Juive." It was received with mingled feelings of astonishment, consternation and contempt. It has become the gospel of a new dispensation, a dispensation of persecution.

Indeed, it is astonishing to observe the number of Jews who occupy important positions in France; and it is searcely an exageration to say that the country is denominated by them socially, politically and financially. Nor is this inapprepriate, for the Third Republic was rounded by a Jew. Leon Gambetta, who was the papil of another Jew, Cremieux; and besides these two there were in the first Republican Cabinet three other Jews, Jules Simon, Magnin and Ernst Picard. Then, after MacMahon was cast aside, every succeeding Government had Jewish members. Indeed, the roll of eminent Republican statesmen in France is another book of numbers. Ferry, Floquet, Ranc, Spuller, Challemel Lacour, Reinach; Meyer, Dreyfus, Bert, Lockroy, Sec, Strauss, Levy. Laurent, Naquet, all Jews.
Yet one is not prepared to say that these men

have been a curse to France. By their energy. shrewdness and industry they have made themselves leaders. But they have also led the Republie in paths of peace and power. Why do not M. Drumont, the Marquis de Mores, and the rest of the Jew-haters themselves go in and win the leadership? The race is open and free to all. The secret of their animosity is this, that they are reactionaries, monarchists, Ultramontanes, while the Jews are Republicans, liberals. M. Drumont hates the Jews because he hates the liberal Republic, and wishes to see a Clerical monarchy established in France. That is the secret of it. And this latest Jew-hunt in France is merely the latest effort of Clericalism to regain its absolute authority over society and government in France.

" MAKING UP" WITH A PRINCE.

The Hon. L. Tollemache in The Fortnightly Review.

The following story would seem incretible if my father had not heard it from an eye witness. When Colonel Lennox (afterward Dnike of Richmond) called out and nearly shet the Dnike of York, the indignation of the Royal family and their friends was extreme. After a time, however, the Prince Regent forgave the andarlous duellist, and quite unexpectedly asked him to dunner. A large party was awaiting the arrival of their Royal host when, to their amazement. Colonel Lennox was announced. Being received with silence and cold looks, he resolved to mark his sense of the courtiers' dissaproval. So he laid down two chairs side by side on the floor, and leapt over them. Being a man of singular nettity, he repeated this little comedy, after laying a third chair over the first, and again after laying a fifth on the summit. All this inst jump, however, his foot caught the topmost chair, and the pile was scattered over the floor.

At this moment the Prince entered the room, and in astonishment asked the unseasonable athlete whal on earth he was about. "Really, sir, replied the unabashed visitor, "it is most unfortunite. No one spohe a word, and I had to amuse myself. But I sincerely hope that rome of your Royal Highness' chairs is broken." The Prince laughed, and the matcher is laughed and the matcher is the court of as Colonel Lennox did." The Hon. L. Tollemache in The Fortnightly Review